

and

The

KILLERS

No. 1 10c

**KILLERS
THREE**

SEE NEXT PAGE



L.B.Cole

THEY BROKE THE ANCIENT LAW:

"Thou Shalt Not Kill!"



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KILLERS THREE

by Gardner F. Fox

NICOLAS THE APACHE crept along the slime-wet sewer ledge, deep under the streets of Paris. In his right hand was a long-bladed knife. It glimmered in the dim moonlight filtering down through a grille high above.

Ahead of him a shadow moved. Nicolas crouched back against the wet sewer wall. He lifted his knife. "He comes now, *le cochon!* The pig! On him I will blood my knife, my little Georgette!"

The man came forward, cried out. But Nicolas was already leaping. His arm swept down. The long steel blade buried itself in the throat of the screaming man. There was a gurgle of hot blood. The man's eyeballs rolled back. He slumped. His body fell lifeless to the edge of the ledge.

Nicolas bent over the man. He snarled, "Peste! One more killing to my credit. This makes number—*twenty-four!*"

Calmly he wiped his bloody knife on the coat of the dead man, gave him a kick with his foot. He stood like a statue, hearing the faint splash of the body as the body hit the water and was slowly carried on by the sluggish flow, out to sea. . . .

* * *

Eddie Mack patted the barrel of his short-barreled tommygun affectionately. He looked out of the window of the cab that carried him through the Parisian streets. He grinned to himself, put his tommygun back into the violin case and lighted a cigarette.

"Ten grand," he mused, "Dat's not bad dough, Eddie-boy, just fer pumpin' a few lead-jackets into a guy. It's a lotta moola, as a matter of fact. It means plenty of good rye and lotsa lamb chops."

Mack thrust back his sleeve, peered at his wristwatch in the light of a streetlamp. 9:27. "Just in time to catch the gee comin' out of his apartment!"

He leaned forward and tapped on the cab-window. "I'll get out here, Bud. You keep on goin'. I'm gonna jump." He shoved a fifty-franc note into the driver's hand. The driver whistled and shrugged. If the passenger wanted to risk his neck, that was all right by him!

Eddie Mack jumped. He ran a few steps to maintain his balance, then faded into the shadows. In the darkness, he lifted out his tommygun and patted it. "Ten grand," he chuckled, and focussed his eyes on the apartment doorway.

A man came out, paused to light a cigarette. Eddie Mack stared at the red carnation in his buttonhole. "Dat's him," breathed Eddie Mack, and lifted his tommygun. He sighted briefly. His expert finger touched the trigger.

Rat-a-tat-tat! Rat-a-tat-tat! Rat-a-tat!

The man with the red carnation folded in two as though he were made of paper. Red stains sprang to life across his white shirt-front. Blood spurted. His knees buckled and he went down, to sprawl grotesquely on the sidewalk.

A police whistle shrilled. Eddie Mack took one last look at his victim, turned and sped away into the night.

* * *

Incense rose and floated from the little bronze Buddha on the table. Ling Foo sniffed it appreciatively, supple yellow fingers sliding along the silken cord that drooped in his hands. He turned toward the radio that looked out of place in the oriental luxury of his rooms.

"News flash! News flash! The prominent attorney, Marcel duBrui, was shot down and killed by an unknown assailant at 9:36 this evening—"

Ling Foo smiled happily. He murmured, "One of them gone. Now if Nicolas has done his job, too . . . the rich Soulard estate will be mine! My brother Paul . . . taken care of by Nicolas . . . my uncl' Marcel duBrui already dead . . ."

A girl entered the room, carrying a tray. She said in a whining voice, "Does m'sieu duBrui wish anything else?"

Ling Foo whirled. His black eyes narrowed. He spat, "How many times must I tell you to call me *Ling Foo*, you scatter-brained idiot?"

The girl shrank back, frightened. She whispered, seeing him stroke the silken coverlet advanced on her, silently, across the oriental rug. He smiled cruelly, "You have been in my employ a long time, Marie. You know I pose as a Chinese mandarin. I know of my peculiar skin and facial formations. You know too, that as an Oriental, I secure wealth by—ah—ridding the world of . . . —ah—dangerous to various world . . . elements. Eh? You know all that!"

"M'sieu . . . for the love of *le bon Dieu* . . . please . . . not the cord . . . not the—!"

The doorbell shrilled. Ling Foo straightened, glared coldly at the trembling girl. He smiled, "Answer the bell, Marie. You are safe with me, as long as you remember who I am!"

"Ye- yes, your Hi- Highness."

Nicolas the apache stood in the doorway for only an instant. Then he was gliding, snake-like, out of the hotel corridor and into the room. His nostrils twitched as he smelled the incense. His ratlike features lighted as he saw Ling Foo.

"I got him. As I told you I would. Paul

(Continued on inside back cover)

SCOTT HUNTER ^{of the C.I.D.}
meets

MR. ZIN—the HATCHET KILLER



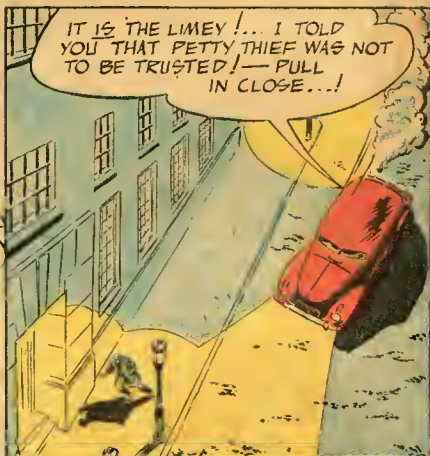
YOU ARE STARING INTO THE COLD, GLARING EYES OF THE MOST BRUTAL, COLD-BLOODED KILLER EVER TO TERRORIZE THE STREETS OF LONDON... THIS MAN'S CONTROL OF THE LONDON UNDER-WORLD WAS AT ITS PEAK WHEN A DARING, TWO-FISTED C.I.D. DETECTIVE TOOK CHARGE OF...
"THE CASE OF THE FRIGHTENED INFORMERS"

ON A COLD, FOGGY EVENING IN LONDON,
NEAR CANNON ROW POLICE STATION...

GOT TO MAKE CANNON ROW BEFORE I'M MISSED AT THE CLUB!... EH! — THEY'S A BLINKIN' AUTO IN BACK O' ME! COULD IT BE —



IT IS THE LIMEY!... I TOLD YOU THAT PETTY THIEF WAS NOT TO BE TRUSTED! — PULL IN CLOSE...!



PERFECT THROW, TONG!... I HAVE NO PLACE IN MY ORGANIZATION FOR TRAITORS...

YAAAH!!



HALT!!

THAT BOBBY! HE WITNESSED THE KILLING!...
RUN HIM DOWN!



ROARING
INTO HIGH
GEAR, THE
DRIVER OF THE
MURDER CAR
DELIBERATELY
SLAMS INTO
THE HELPLESS
BOBBY...

HALT—
AAAAGH!



HE ISN'T MOVING—SPLendid!
...NOW, DRIVE ME BACK TO
THE CLUB, YANG...

YES,
MR.
ZIN...



...I WISH TO CHECK
THE WHEREABOUTS OF A
FEW OTHER "TRUSTED"
COLLEAGUES...!



LATER, IN THE COMFORTABLE QUARTERS OF C.I.D.
DETECTIVE SCOTT HUNTER AND HIS FRIEND, LAWYER
CORTLAND PALMER BROADSTREET...

BLAST IT, CORT....THAT
MURDER AT CANNON ROW PRE-
VENTED US FROM OBTAINING
INFORMATION THAT MIGHT HAVE
LED TO QUICK APPREHENSION
OF THE SO-CALLED

MR. ZIN!

TOO BAD
THE BOBBY
THAT WAS RUN
DOWN DIDN'T
LIVE TO DE-
SCRIBE THE
OCCUPANTS
OF THE
CAR...



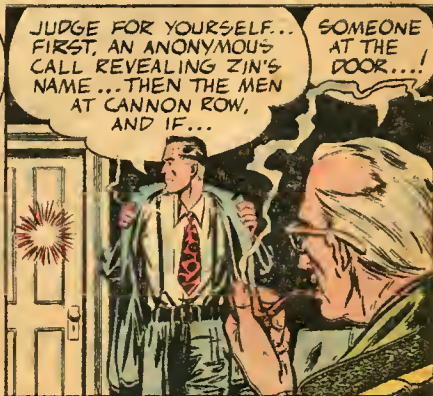
I DOUBT THE POOR CHAP
HAD TIME TO SEE ANYONE...
AND OF ALL THE CUTTHROATS
ZIN HAS TAKEN INTO HIS OR-
GANIZATION ONLY A FEW
ARE BELIEVED TO KNOW
HIS TRUE
IDENTITY...!

YOU BELIEVE
HIS MEN WILL
INFORM ON
HIM FOR THE
1000 POUNDS
REWARD THE
YARD HAS
POSTED?



JUDGE FOR YOURSELF...
FIRST, AN ANONYMOUS
CALL REVEALING ZIN'S
NAME... THEN THE MEN
AT CANNON ROW,
AND IF...

SOMEONE
AT THE
DOOR...!





AS SCOTT HUNTER FLINGS OPEN THE STREET DOOR—





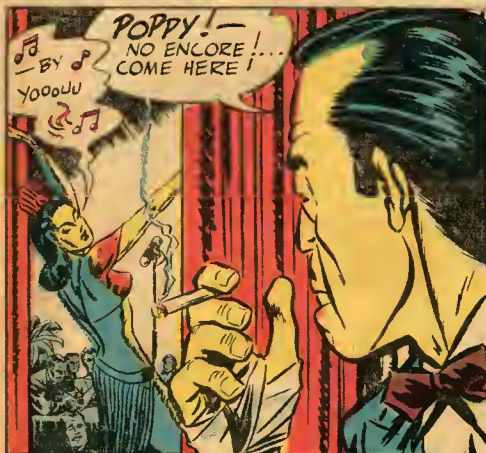
CLEAN GET-
AWAY!... FIND
ANYTHING TO
IDENTIFY
HER?

NOT A BLOOMIN'
THING!... SORRY,
OLD CHAP...

AN HOUR LATER, AT THE "BLACK DRAGON"—A
NIGHT CLUB, IN LONDON'S SOHO DISTRICT...



JUST AS
MY LOVE CALL
IS ANSWERED



POPPY!—
NO ENCORE!...
COME HERE!



TONG! YOU'VE
INJURED YOUR
HAND!

NEVER MIND THAT!
...COME WITH ME—
MR. ZIN WISHES TO
TALK TO YOU...



YOU FIVE ARE THE ONLY MEMBERS OF MY
ORGANIZATION WHO KNOW MY IDENTITY...
NEED I WARN ANYONE NOT TO PERMIT THE
REWARD MONEY SCOTLAND YARD HAS
POSTED TO ENCOURAGE ANYONE TO ACT
AS DID THE LATE LIMY AND
POOR LOTUS?



AH!...
TOMMY
MING—
YOU
WISH TO
SPEAK?

YES, MR. ZIN... PERHAPS,
IF OUR SHARES OF THE
LARGER JOBS WE PULL
WERE INCREASED THE
1000 POUNDS WOULD
NOT APPEAR SO—
ER—TEMPTING...







LATER...



NOT FAR AWAY, IN A PRISON HOSPITAL...



THE END

JOHN PAUL CHASE, WAS, IN THE ANNALS OF CRIME, A NOBODY, YET, IN HIS SHORT TRAGIC CAREER LIES ONE OF THE MOST DRAMATIC STORIES OF THE MAN BEHIND THE BIG GUNS OF CRIME — FOR JOHN PAUL CHASE WAS—

I GOTTA TEST THIS STEEL VEST, CHASE! SOME DAY IT MAY SAVE MY LIFE!

I-I UNDERSTAND, BABY-FACE! ANYTHING YOU SAY G-GOES!

THE KILLER BEHIND THE KILLER

JOHN PAUL CHASE WORSHIPPED BANDITRY! TO HIM THE HEROES OF THE WORLD WERE JUDGED BY THE NUMBER OF MEN THEY HAD KILLED— BY THE NUMBER OF DOLLARS THEY HAD STOLEN! IN HIS SHORT, TRAGIC CAREER LIES ONE OF THE MOST DRAMATIC STORIES OF CRIME, IN THE TRUE STORY OF THE KILLER BEHIND THE KILLER!



A DANCE-DRINK-AND DICE DIVE IN CALIFORNIA —1926...

I JUS' GOT SACKED FROM MY JOB, SHORTY. I'M LOOKIN' FOR A NEW SET-UP. SOMETHING WITH DOUGH—BIG DOUGH, GOT ANY IDEAS?

YEAH, I THINK I GOT SOMETHING— BOOTLEGGING! BUT, WAIT— HERE COMES THE GUY, NOW! HEY, CLANCY!



MEET JOHN PAUL CHASE! USE TO DRIVE SOME SMALL TOWN PUNK GAMBLER IN RENO —WANTS TO EXPAND. CAN YOU USE HIM, CLANCY?

YEAH. ONE OF MY BOYS JUST STOPPED A FED. SLUG— I COULD USE ANOTHER TRUCK DRIVER. SEE ME IN THE MORNING.

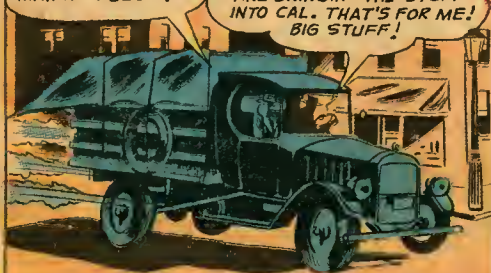
GEE, THANKS MR. CLANCY!



CHASE JOINED THE SMALL-TOWN BOOTLEGGERS, BUT ONE DAY, WEEKS LATER...

THIS IS DA LAST DELIVERY WE GOTTA MAKE, DEN WE'RE FINISHED. SEVENTY-FIVE DIS WEEK. DA BOSS IS SURE MAKIN' DOUGH!

DOUGH! BALONEY! HE'S SMALL FRY. I'M DUCKIN' OUT, PAL. TOMORROW I'M GOIN' IN WITH THE TOP GUYS. THE GUYS THAT ARE BRINGIN' THE STUFF INTO CAL. THAT'S FOR ME! BIG STUFF!



THE STOKEROOM OF THE LARGEST LIQUOR SMUGGLERS IN THE COUNTRY...

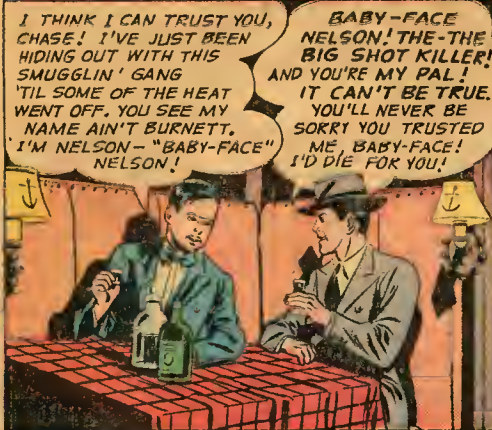
YOU'RE CHASE, AIN'T'CHA? DA BOSS TOLD ME YA WERE COMIN'. I'M FATSO NEGRI, AND DIS GUY IS JIMMY BURNETT!

HI, CHASE! PULL UP A CHAIR!

THANKS, FELLERS! DON'T MIND IF I DO!



ONE NIGHT, SEVERAL MONTHS LATER...



I THINK I CAN TRUST YOU, CHASE! I'VE JUST BEEN HIDING OUT WITH THIS SMUGGLIN' GANG 'TIL SOME OF THE HEAT WENT OFF. YOU SEE MY NAME AIN'T BURNETT. I'M NELSON - "BABY-FACE" NELSON!

BABY-FACE NELSON! THE-BIG SHOT KILLER! AND YOU'RE MY PAL! IT CAN'T BE TRUE. YOU'LL NEVER BE SORRY YOU TRUSTED ME, BABY-FACE! I'D DIE FOR YOU!

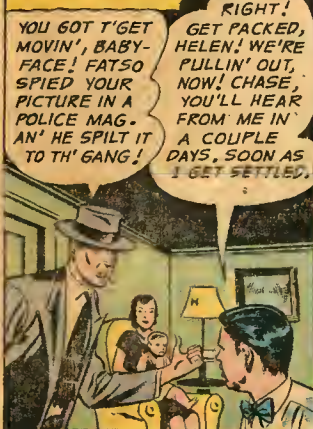
SEVERAL DAYS LATER...



GET A LOAD OF THIS! WANTED FOR BREAKING JAIL - BABY-FACE NELSON! AND WHO IS BABY-FACE NELSON? YOUR PAL, CHASE-JIMMY BURDETT!

LET ME ALONE! I'VE GOT TO GO-GOT AN APPOINTMENT! APPOINTMENT? IT WOULDN'T BE TO WARN NELSON, WOULD IT?

THE APARTMENT



YOU GOT T'GET MOVIN', BABY-FACE! FATSO SPIED YOUR PICTURE IN A POLICE MAG. AN' HE SPILT IT TO TH' GANG!

RIGHT! GET PACKED, HELEN! WE'RE PULLIN' OUT, NOW! CHASE, YOU'LL HEAR FROM ME IN A COUPLE DAYS, SOON AS I GET SETTLED.

A HOSPITAL ROOM IN VALLEJO, OWNED AND OPERATED BY AN EX-SAFE BLOWER, ONE OF THE MOB...



I CAME JUSTAS SOON AS I GOT YOUR MESSAGE, BABY-FACE!

GOOD! HELEN WAS OPERATED ON, BUT WE CAN LEAVE IN THE MORNING.

NOW HERE'S THE PITCH, CHASE. I'M TAKING YOU IN WITH ME - AS MY FRONT-AND YOUR FIRST JOB IS TO GET ME A CAR. GET GOIN'!

THE FOLLOWING DAY IN THE NEWLY PURCHASED CAR.



WE'LL HEAD FOR MINNEAPOLIS - AND TH' GANG. THERE'S A PRICE ON EVERY HEAD YOU'RE GONNA MEET FROM NOW ON, CHASE!

THOSE ARE TH' KINDA GUYS I WANNA KNOW, BABY-FACE. TH' KINDA GUYS I WANNA BE LIKE!

BABY-FACE NELSON'S APARTMENT, THE MEETING PLACE OF CUT-THROATS, MURDERERS, AND THIEVES!



BOYS, I WANT'CHA T'KNOW JOHN PAUL CHASE-MY FRONT GUY - WHICH IS SAYIN' ENOUGH! GRAB YERSELF A DRINK, CHASE.

HOWDY, CHASE!

HI, FELLA! MAKE YERSELF AT HOME!

GEE, HOWDY! I-I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW YOU FELLERS!

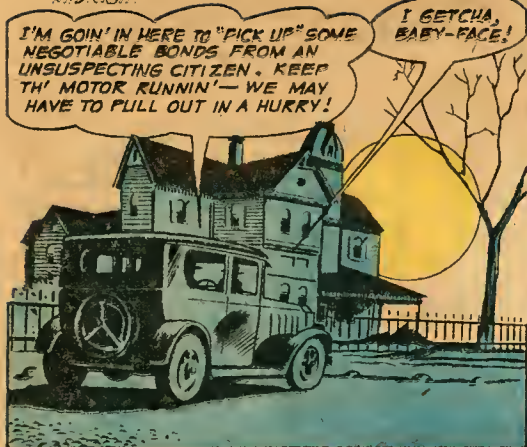
LATER THAT NIGHT..



PULL OUT, CHASE, AN' MEET ME AT TH' GARAGE IN AN HOUR! TONIGHT WE'RE DOIN' A LITTLE JOB!

GREAT! THE BIGGER TH' BETTER!

MIDNIGHT



I'M GOIN' IN HERE TO "PICK UP" SOME NEGOTIABLE BONDS FROM AN UNSUSPECTING CITIZEN. KEEP TH' MOTOR RUNNIN'— WE MAY HAVE TO PULL OUT IN A HURRY!

I GETCHA, BABY-FACE!



HELP! THIEF! HELP! MY BONDS! I'VE BEEN ROBBED!



I DIDN'T WANT TO SHOOT THE OLD FOOL, BUT HE WAS MAKIN' TOO MUCH NOISE! WE'LL HAVE TO BLOW TOWN— THE GUY WAS A BIG SHOT— THERE'S GONNA BE TROUBLE!

F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS, THE FOLLOWING MORNING

I SAW THE CAR THE KILLERS USED — IT HAD A CALIFORNIA LICENSE PLATE NUMBER 6H-475. BOTH FELLOWS WERE YOUNG— ONE HAD A REAL BABY-FACE...

BABY-FACE NELSON! THAT'S WHO IT WAS, THANK YOU FOR YOUR INFORMATION, MR. GREEN, WE ARE MUCH OBLIGED!



A HURRIED GET-AWAY....

... WITH CHASE TAKING ALL THE RISKS...



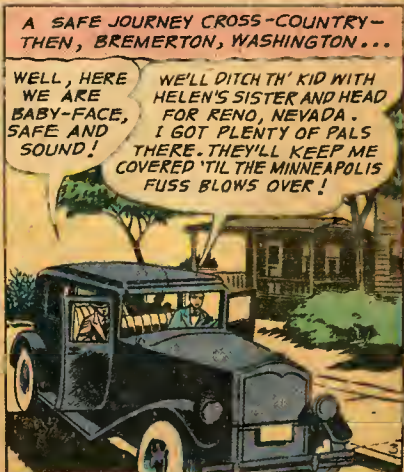
I'LL TAKE TEN GALLONS OF GAS— I'M STUCK ON THE ROAD.



I WANT A TOURIST CABIN FOR MY FAMILY AND MYSELF.



PACK TH' GRUB IN A LUNCH BOX— MY FAMILY AND I ARE GOIN' ON A PICNIC.



A SAFE JOURNEY CROSS-COUNTRY— THEN, BREMERTON, WASHINGTON...

WELL, HERE WE ARE BABY-FACE, SAFE AND SOUND!

WE'LL DITCH TH' KID WITH HELEN'S SISTER AND HEAD FOR RENO, NEVADA. I GOT PLENTY OF PALS THERE. THEY'LL KEEP ME COVERED 'TIL THE MINNEAPOLIS FUSS BLOWS OVER!

AFTER A GRUELING DRIVE, A GANGSTERS' HIDEOUT IN RENO, NEV.

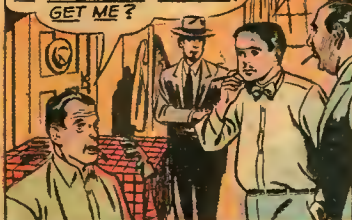
YOU'LL BE SAFE HERE, BABY-FACE— BUT MAYBE YOU CAN HELP US OUT. YA SEE, TWO OF OUR BOYS ARE IN A JAM. THEY PULLED A LITTLE MURDER JOB— AN' THERE WAS A WITNESS. AN IMPORTANT WITNESS! GET ME?

YEAH, SURE! GIVE ME THE GUY'S NAME— HE'LL MAKE A MORE IMPORTANT CORPSE!

THERE GOES THE IMPORTANT WITNESS. SLOW UP, CHASE, AND GET CLOSE TO THE CURB.

RIGHT, BOSS!

GIMME A HAND WITH HIM, CHASE. WE GOT T'GET HIM OUT OF THE CITY AND FINISH HIM UP. THIS GUY MUSTN'T TALK! EVER!



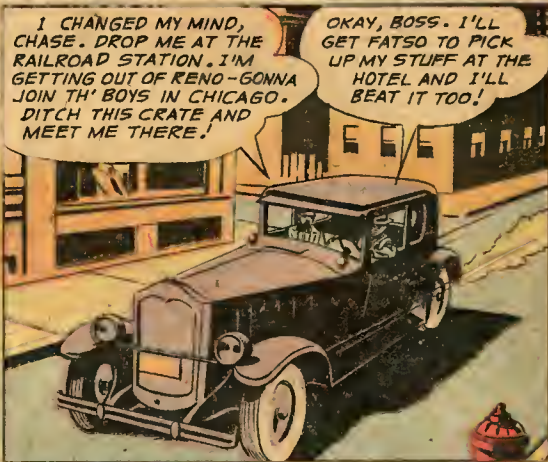
THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN...

THERE! SO MUCH FOR THE STATE'S IMPORTANT WITNESS!



I CHANGED MY MIND, CHASE. DROP ME AT THE RAILROAD STATION. I'M GETTING OUT OF RENO—GONNA JOIN TH' BOYS IN CHICAGO. DITCH THIS CRATE AND MEET ME THERE!

OKAY, BOSS. I'LL GET FATSO TO PICK UP MY STUFF AT THE HOTEL AND I'LL BEAT IT TOO!



THE FOLLOWING DAY AT THE RENO HIDEOUT...

HERE'S YOUR DUDS, CHASE, LIKE YA ASKED! YA BETTER LAY LOW— THE WHOLE TOWN'S BUZZIN' WID THE MURDER OF THE STATE'S WITNESS! DEY SAY BABY-FACE DID TH' KILLIN' AN' YOU DROVE TH' MURDER CAR!

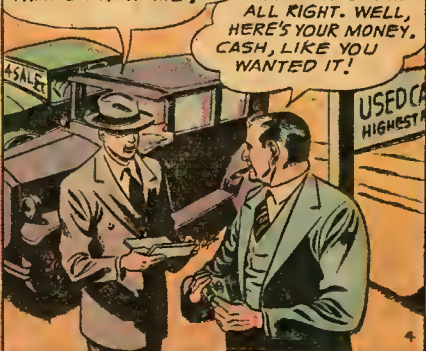
SKIP IT, FATSO! YOU DON'T KNOW NOthin', SEE? I'M HEADIN' NORTH TO DITCH THE CAR! I'LL CONTACT YOU LATER.



A USED CAR LOT IN SAN FRANCISCO...

SURE TH' CAR IS MINE! SEE, HERE'S MY OWNER-SHIP! JAMES ROGERS, THAT'S MY NAME!

JAMES ROGERS, CALIFORNIA. Mmmmm, THE PAPERS SEEM ALL RIGHT. WELL, HERE'S YOUR MONEY. CASH, LIKE YOU WANTED IT!



CHICAGO, TWO DAYS LATER..

JUST GOT IN, PAL. THE TOWN I JUST LEFT WAS HOTTER THAN HADES!



I GET YA! BETTER WIRE YOUR FAT FRIEND TO COME UP - WE'RE GOIN' TO NEED HIM! AN' COME TO THE MEETIN' ROOM!



LATER..

YOU'RE TOO HOT TO OPERATE NOW, CHASE. WHEN FATSO GETS HERE HE'LL HAVE TO PICK UP THE STUFF WE'RE GOIN' TO NEED FOR THE BANK JOBS - YOU'D BETTER STICK UNDER COVER!

HE'LL BE HERE IN THE MORNING, BOSS-READY AN' WILLIN'!



FATSO HURRIED TO CHICAGO, AND...

I'LL TAKE TH' WHOLE LOAD OF STEEL VESTS, AN' EVERY GUN AN' BULLET YA GOT IN THE JOINT! I'M BUYIN' FER THE BIG BOYS NOW!

I GUESS THEY'RE PLANNING A PRETTY HEAVY PROGRAM, WISH THEM LUCK FOR ME!



NIGHTFALL, BEHIND A SCHOOLHOUSE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF CHICAGO..

I GOT EVERYTHING YA ORDERED, BABY-FACE. ENOUGH STUFF FOR AN ARMY. I HAD TH' GUY DELIVER IT T' TH' HIDE OUT ON CENTER STREET.

GOOD! PICK UP YOUR STUFF, BOYS, AND WAIT FER ORDERS. WE TAKE THE MERCHANTS' NATIONAL BANKS TONIGHT!



THE MERCHANTS' NATIONAL BANK AT SOUTH BEND, IND.



LEAVING A TRAIL OF DEAD AND DYING POLICEMEN AND GUARDS, THE GANGSTERS MAKE A SAFE GET-AWAY...



THE HIDE OUT, LATER

WE GOT OVER 14 THOUSAND DOLLARS WHICH GIVES EACH...

WAIT! THERE'S AN EXTRA! DILLINGER KILLED BY FED. BULLET! FED'S CLOSING IN ON BABY FACE AND GANG!

THAT SETTLES IT! COME, CHASE, WE'RE BLOWIN' TOWN!



LIKE FATS IN A TRAP THE GANGSTERS SCURRY TO HIDE OUT, BUT

WITH EVERY AVENUE CLOSED TO THEM, THE FUGITIVES TAKE TO THE WOODS.

HERE'S A THOUSAND BUCKS AND BEAT IT. I'VE MANAGED TO FOOL THE FEDS SO FAR BUT I CAN'T DO IT FOREVER. KEEP MOVING, BABY-FACE!



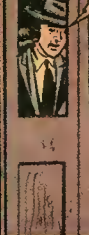
RENO'S SWARMING WITH FEDS. GET GOING!



NAME YOUR OWN PRICE. WE'VE GOT DOUGH! NOthin' DOIN'! USE YOUR BRAINS! THIS IS G-MAN HEAT!



GIVE US A BREAK! I WANNA PROTECT. THE BIG SHOT!



BIG SHOT, HUH! WE DON'T WANNA LAY EYES ON HIM! THIS IS G-HEAT, MAN! GET IT? G-HEAT!



WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO NOW, BABY-FACE? HOW ABOUT GOING TO THAT LAKE RESORT NEAR CHICAGO, WHERE WE STAYED A FEW YEARS AGO? THAT'S IT! NOBODY WILL EVER THINK OF LOOKIN' FOR US THERE! C'MON, LET'S GO!



MEANWHILE, AT CHICAGO HEADQUARTERS OF THE F.B.I.

WE HAVE MEN STATIONED AT EVERY POINT WHERE BABY-FACE AND HIS GANG ARE KNOWN. THEY'RE IN FLIGHT NOW, BUT THEY'RE BOUND TO TURN UP SOMEPLACE!



APPROACHING THE LAKESIDE RESORT..

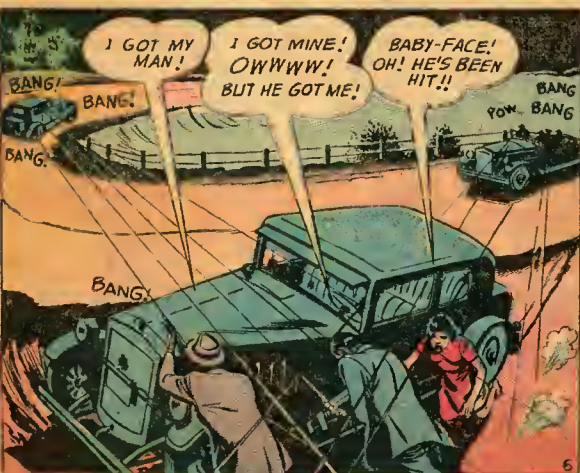
THAT GUY LOOKED AT ME! MAYBE HE'S A FEDERAL! LET 'IM HAVE IT !!



RIGHT, BOSS! DUCK YOUR HEAD, HELEN!

I'LL GET 'EM, BABY-FACE. DON'T WORRY!

THEY GOT OUR TIRES! TH' C*!!?!



I GOT MY MAN!

I GOT MINE! OWWWW! BUT HE GOT ME!

BABY-FACE! OH! HE'S BEEN HIT!!

THE SENTENCE.

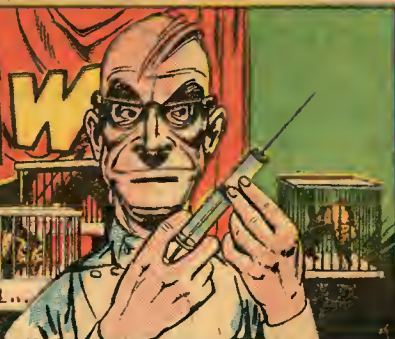
I SENTENCE YOU, HELEN GILLIS NELSON AND FATSO NEGRI TO PRISON FOR THE PART YOU HAD TAKEN IN HARBORING A CRIMINAL. AND YOU, JOHN PAUL CHASE FOR THE MURDER OF INSPECTOR SAM COWLEY, I SENTENCE YOU TO ALCATRAZ PENITENTIARY FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE. IT IS TOO BAD THAT SPECIAL AGENT HERMANN E. HOLLIS HAD TO GIVE HIS OWN LIFE TO EXTERMINATE THAT OF BABY-FACE NELSON. WHEN WILL YOU GANGSTERS EVER LEARN THAT CRIME DOES NOT PAY!



RICE OF THE NEW YORK HOMICIDE
MEETS THE

POISON CLAW KILLER

IT WAS THE PERFECT POISON RACKET UNTIL...



ONE SUNNY DAY IN THE OFFICE OF
TOM RICE OF THE NEW YORK HOMICIDE

TOM! TOM!
YOU'VE GOT TO
HELP ME!

OUCH! YOU
LITTLE DEVIL!
YOU SCRATCHED
ME!

OH!
HELLO
BENTLEY!



SIX MONTHS AGO ONE OF MY
CLIENTS DIED, LEAVING A \$50,000
INSURANCE POLICY TO HIS WIFE.
YESTERDAY THE WIFE DIED,
LEAVING ANOTHER \$50,000 POLICY.
MY OUTFIT, THE AJAX INSURANCE
COMPANY, IS SUSPICIOUS. TOM,
YOU'VE GOT TO COME TO THE
MORGUE WITH ME!



ALL RIGHT,
BENTLEY, YOU CAN FINISH
THE STORY ON THE
WAY OVER.

WELL, HERE WE ARE.
BY THE WAY, WHO WAS
THE BENEFICIARY
NAMED IN THE
WOMAN'S INSURANCE
POLICY?

THE
NEXT-DOOR
NEIGHBOR—
A QUEER
DUCK.
DR. WATSON,
HE CALLS
HIMSELF.



DIED OF TETANUS. CAN'T MISTAKE
IT. AND, BENTLEY, DID YOU NOTICE
THOSE LITTLE SCRATCHES ON HER
HAND? EXACTLY LIKE THE ONES
I GOT FROM COPPER, OUR
OFFICE CAT, WHEN YOU BURST
THROUGH THE DOOR!

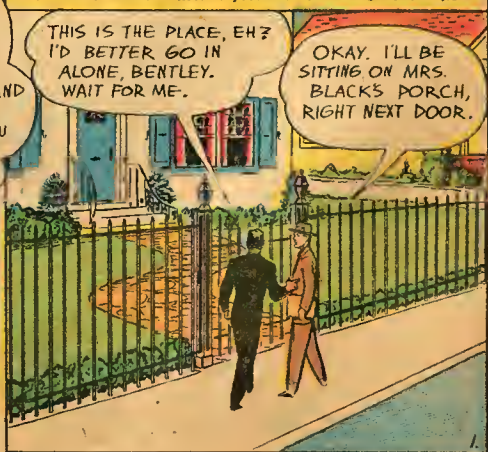
MRS. BLACK
HAD A MANX
CAT. SHE LEFT
IT TO WATSON,
ALONG WITH THE
INSURANCE MONEY AND
THE REST OF HER
ESTATE. I'D LIKE YOU
TO SEE, DR.
WATSON, TOM.



A FEW MINUTES LATER, AT THE HOME OF DR. WATSON

THIS IS THE PLACE, EH?
I'D BETTER GO IN
ALONE, BENTLEY.
WAIT FOR ME.

OKAY. I'LL BE
SITTING ON MRS.
BLACK'S PORCH,
RIGHT NEXT DOOR.



AND AS BENEFICIARY OF THE ESTATE OF THE LATE MRS. BLACK, YOU NO DOUBT CAN TELL US SOMETHING OF HER DEATH, DR. WATSON?

AH, YES! IT WAS SO UNFORTUNATE! DEAR MRS. BLACK—AND MR. BLACK, TOO, WHEN HE WAS ALIVE—LOVED TO WORK IN THEIR FLOWER GARDENS, EVEN THOUGH THEY HAD A GARDENER. IT WAS THERE THEY PICKED UP THE TETANUS GERM.

IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW, MR. RICE?

NO, NOT NOW. I MIGHT BE BACK TO SEE YOU LATER. GOODBYE!



SECONDS LATER, AT THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR...

DID YOU FIND OUT ANYTHING, TOM?

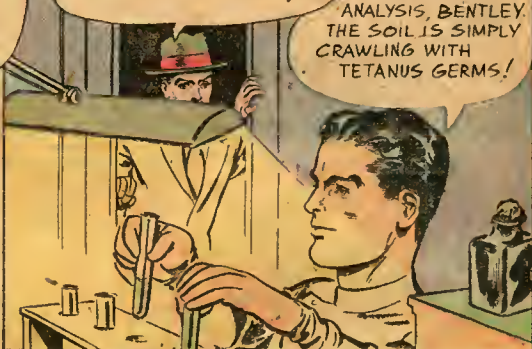
PLENTY! BUT FIRST I WANT TO GET A SAMPLE OF THE EARTH AROUND THESE FLOWER BEDS YOU LOCATE THE GARDENER WHO WORKED FOR MRS. BLACK, AND BRING HIM TO THE LAB!



THE LABORATORY AT HEADQUARTERS, SEVERAL HOURS LATER...

I GOT THE GARDENER, TOM. HE'S WAITING OUTSIDE!

GOOD! I JUST COMPLETED MY ANALYSIS, BENTLEY. THE SOIL IS SIMPLY CRAWLING WITH TETANUS GERMS!

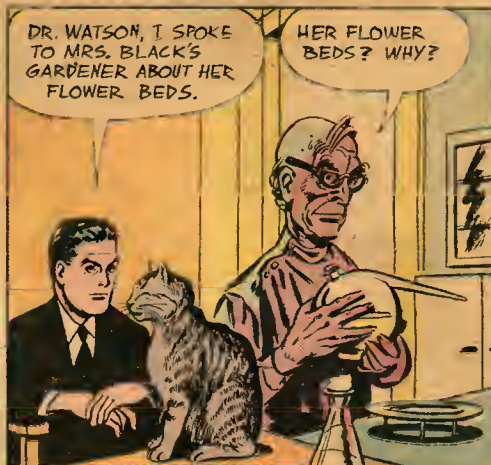


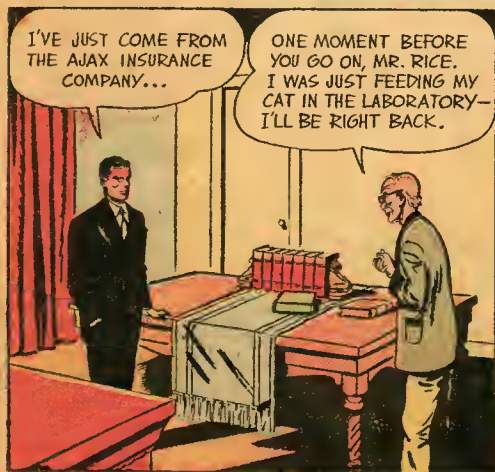
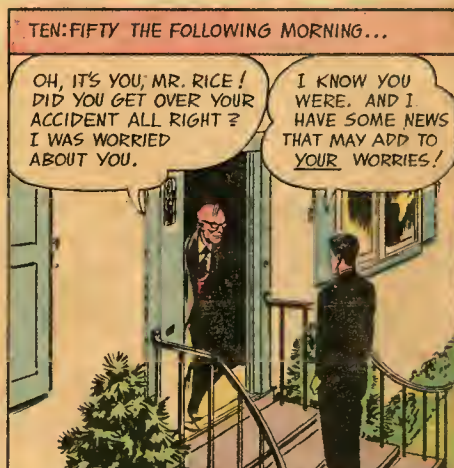
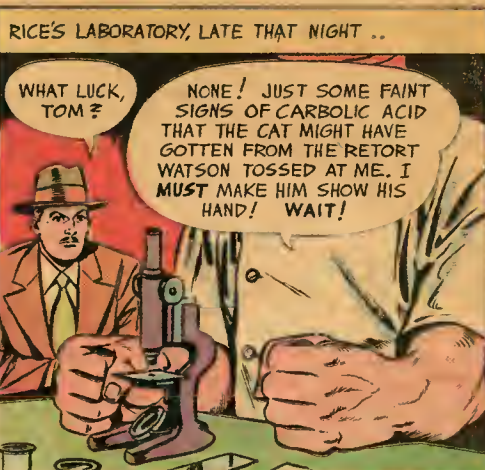
I UNDERSTAND YOU WORKED FOR MRS. BLACK, WHO HAD SOME BEAUTIFUL FLOWER BEDS. DID SHE CARE FOR THEM HERSELF?

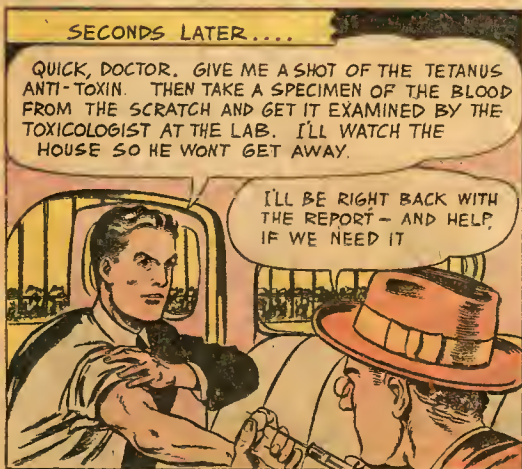
OH NO, SIR! SINCE POOR MR. BLACK DIED, THE DEAR LADY WOULDN'T EVEN TOUCH THE FLOWERS!

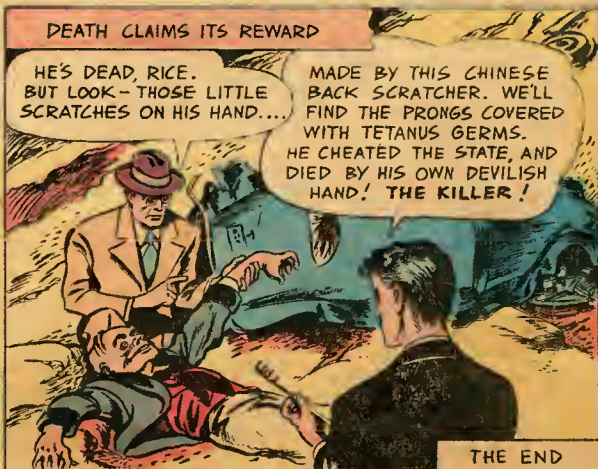
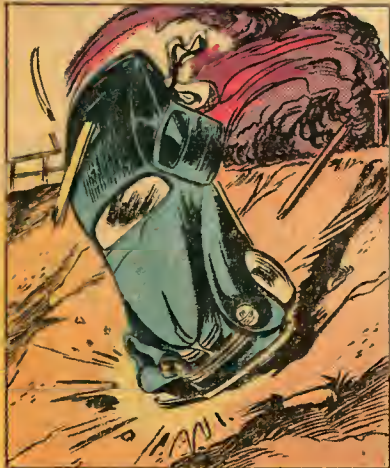
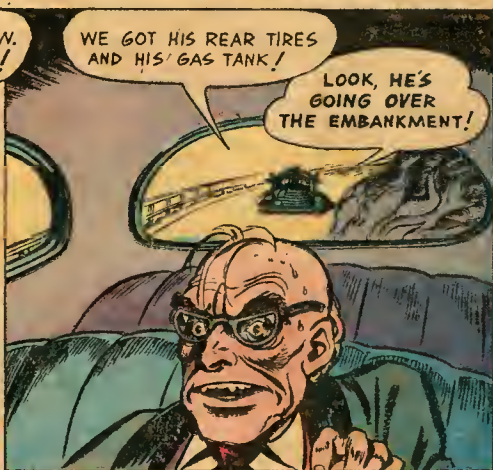
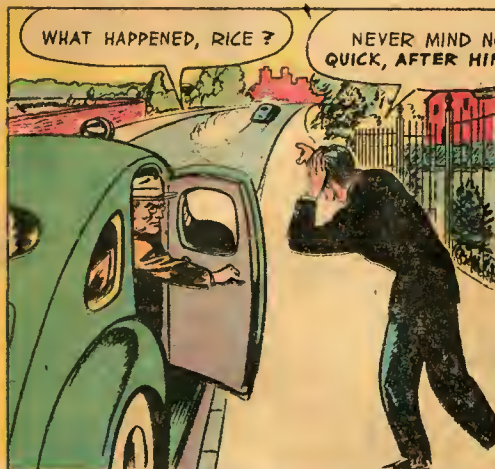
NOW WHY WOULD WATSON LIE TO ME? BENTLEY, I'M GOING BACK TO SEE HIM AGAIN!



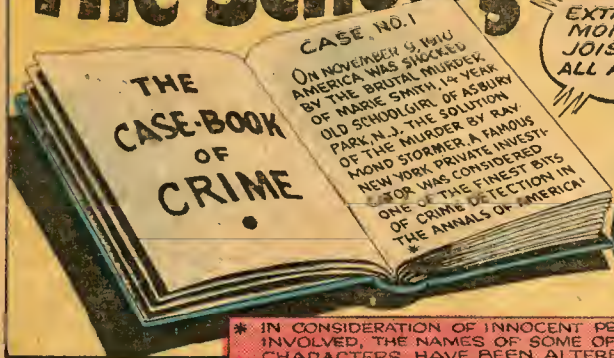








They Tricked The Schoolgirl's KILLER!



EXTRA! EXTRA!
MOIDER IN
JOISEY! READ
ALL ABOUT IT!



* IN CONSIDERATION OF INNOCENT PERSONS INVOLVED, THE NAMES OF SOME OF THE CHARACTERS HAVE BEEN ALTERED!

HOW AWFUL!
THAT POOR CHILD!
HAVE THEY CAUGHT
THE MURDERER
YET DEAR?

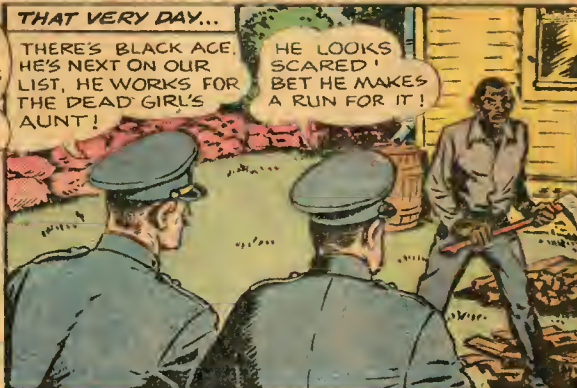
NO, BUT THEY
WILL THE POLICE
HAVE ROUNDED
UP FIVE SUSPECTS
SO FAR AND
THEY'RE NOT
THROUGH
YET!



THAT VERY DAY...

THERE'S BLACK ACE,
HE'S NEXT ON OUR
LIST, HE WORKS FOR
THE DEAD GIRL'S
AUNT!

HE LOOKS
SCARED!
BET HE MAKES
A RUN FOR IT!



COME ON, ACE
THE D.A. WANTS
TO ASK YOU A
FEW QUESTIONS!

I DIDN'T DO IT!
I WAS SLEEPING
BACK OF DE
WOODSHED WHEN
IT HAPPENED!

YEAH? YOU'LL
HAVE A HARD
TIME PROVING
THAT WITH
YOUR RECORD!



A FLORIST'S GREENHOUSE, SHORTLY AFTER...

HEIDEMAN, YOU'RE
WANTED DOWN AT
HEADQUARTERS.
IT'S ABOUT THE
MARIE SMITH
MURDER!

THAT WAS A TERRIBLE
THING! TO THINK IT
MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED
TO MY OWN LITTLE
SISTER IN GERMANY
I'LL BE GLAD TO
HELP ALL I CAN!



SHERIFF HETRICK'S OFFICE, MONMOUTH COUNTY, N.J.

WE'VE CHECKED YOUR ALIBIS, YOU'RE ALL FREE TO GO!...EXCEPTING BLACK ACE AND FRANK HEIDE MAN. TAKE THEM BACK TO THE COUNTY JAIL, SERGEANT!

O.K. SHERIFF, C'MON, YOU, TWO!



STAND BACK! CLEAR THE WAY!

GIVE US THAT KILLER!

WE WANT THE MURDERER!



ONE MOONLIGHT NIGHT, A FEW WEEKS LATER!

GUARD! GUARD! HELP!

WE WANT YOU KILLER!!
LYNCH HIM! STRING HIM UP!

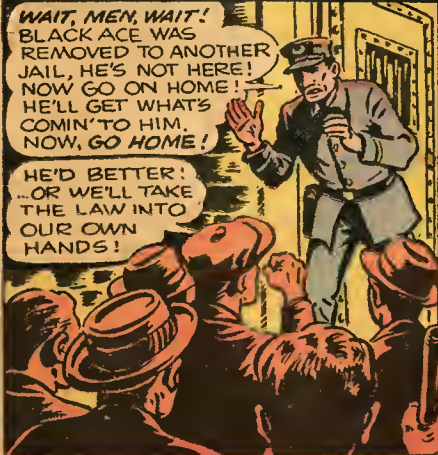


PIPE DOWN, HEIDEMAN! YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, YOU'LL BE FREE IN THE MORNING, IT'S BLACK ACE THEY WANT!



WAIT, MEN, WAIT! BLACK ACE WAS REMOVED TO ANOTHER JAIL, HE'S NOT HERE! NOW GO ON HOME! HE'LL GET WHAT'S COMIN' TO HIM, NOW, GO HOME!

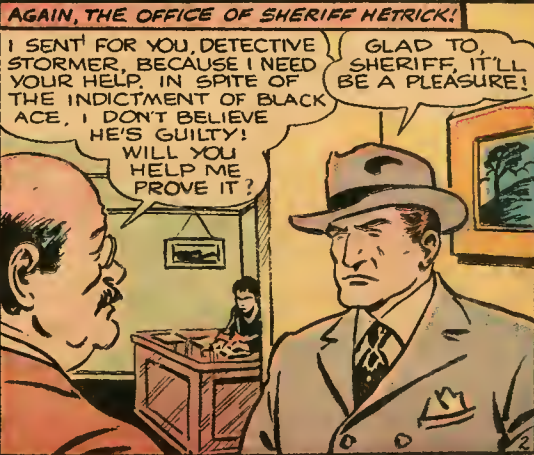
HE'D BETTER! ...OR WE'LL TAKE THE LAW INTO OUR OWN HANDS!

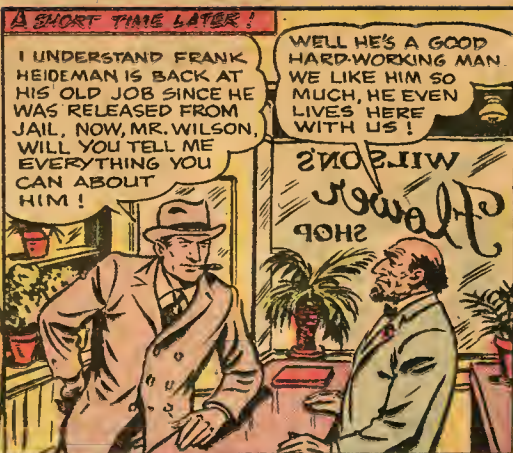


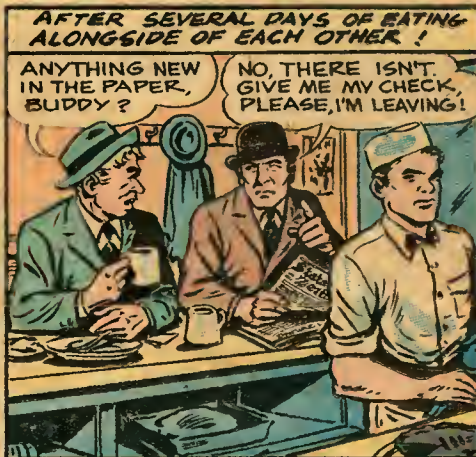
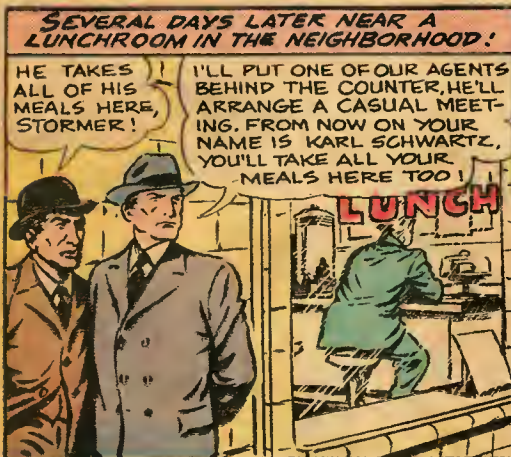
AGAIN, THE OFFICE OF SHERIFF HETRICK!

I SENT FOR YOU, DETECTIVE STORMER, BECAUSE I NEED YOUR HELP, IN SPITE OF THE INDICTMENT OF BLACK ACE, I DON'T BELIEVE HE'S GUILTY! WILL YOU HELP ME PROVE IT?

Glad to, SHERIFF, IT'LL BE A PLEASURE!







IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED THE MEN BECAME VERY FRIENDLY.

IT'S BEEN SWELL HAVING YOU TO SHARE MY ROOM, SCHWARTZ. I WAS VERY LONESOME BEFORE YOU CAME!

ME TOO, FRANK. I'M GOING DOWN TO GET A CIGAR. I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!



IN A DARK STREET, A FEW BLOCKS AWAY!

NOTHING TO REPORT YET, CHIEF!

IT'LL COME. GET HIM TO GO TO THE CAMEO MOVIE TONIGHT, I'VE GOT A PLAN THAT OUGHT TO MAKE HIM CRACK!



LATER THAT NIGHT... AT THE CAMEO THEATRE...

I JUST FELT LIKE SEEING A GOOD-M--HEY! WHAT'S THE MATTER?

I--I-- FEEL-- KINDA-SICK L-LET'S-GET OUT-OF-HERE!



A FEW MINUTES LATER

YOU'LL FIND SOME ASPIRIN IN THE TOP DRAWER, HELP YOURSELF!

THANKS I'LL-GET--



HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE GUN, SCHWARTZ?

OH, THAT, WELL I GUESS I CAN TRUST YOU NOW! I LIED TO YOU, I'M REALLY A STICK-UP MAN, I WORK WITH A GANG!



GEE! WILL YOU TAKE ME IN WITH YOU? CAN YOU FIX IT WITH THE GANG FOR ME TO JOIN THEM?

WELL, I DON'T KNOW, ANYHOW I'VE GOTTA MEET ONE OF THE BOYS NOW. SEE YOU LATER AT THE LUNCHROOM!



AFTER NEUMANN HAS HAD ANOTHER TALK WITH STORMER

HERE, HEIDEMAN, TAKE A LOOK AT THIS, THEY'RE LOOKING FOR YOU, WANT TO QUESTION YOU ABOUT THE MARIE SMITH MURDER!

GIVE ME THE PAPER LET ME SEE THAT!



THAT-- IF-- I HAD HIM HERE I'D-- SCHWARTZ, LET'S GET OUT OF TOWN, ANY PLACE--

SURE, SAY HOW ABOUT-- YONKERS? I ALWAYS DID LIKE THAT TOWN!



ON FEB. 27, 1911... FOUR MONTHS AFTER THE BRUTAL SLAYING! ... IN A HOTEL IN YONKERS...

THEY GOT NOTHING ON ME, ONLY I DON'T LIKE TO BE QUESTIONED THAT'S ALL!

I KNOW, SAY, IT'S A NICE DAY. LET'S GO FOR A WALK IN THE COUNTRY!



ON A LONELY COUNTRY ROAD.

HI, BUDDY,
YUH HIC -
GOTTA HIC -
A-MATCH?

BEAT IT, YOU
DRUNK, G'WAN
ON YOUR WAY!



WHO YUH-
HIC-CALLIN'
A DRUNK?
-HIC- I'LL-
UGH!

GET BACK,
HEIDEMAN,
I'LL HANDLE
HIM!



YOU-YOU-
KILLED-
HIM!

SO WHAT? HE'S
ONLY A BUM!
...GO ON BACK
TO THE HOTEL
AND WAIT FOR
ME THERE!



AGAIN NEUMANN REPORTS!

HE FALLS FOR
EVERYTHING--
THE PHONEY
NEWSPAPER,
THE PLANTED
MOVIE AND THE
FAKE SHOOTING,
BUT HE JUST
WON'T OPEN
UP!

-- HE WILL
EVENTUALLY.
I'LL SEND YOU
ANOTHER PHONEY
NEWSPAPER AND
A STEAMSHIP
TICKET TO GER-
MANY, IN THE
MORNING. BE
SURE HE SEES
BOTH. I'LL BE
AROUND!



BACK IN THE HOTEL ROOM...

WE'VE GOT TO
BEAT IT, THE
COPS PICKED
UP A LOT OF
CLUES NEAR
THAT DRUNK
I KILLED!

SAY, THAT'S A
STEAMSHIP
TICKET!-ARE
WE LEAVING
THE COUNTRY?



ME, HEIDEMAN, NOT
WE!-- YOU'VE GOT
TOO MUCH ON ME, I'M
GOING ALONE!

WAIT! IF YOU
HAD AS MUCH
ON ME, THEN
WOULD YOU
TAKE ME?



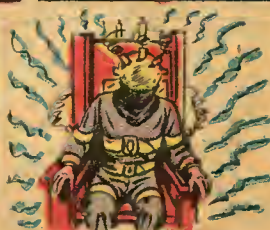
UMM--
MAYBE--

WELL---
I KILLED
THE SMITH
GIRL AT
ASBURY
PARK!



OKAY, HEIDEMAN, THAT'S
ALL WE WANTED TO
KNOW YOU'RE
UNDER ARREST!

YOU WERE
RIGHT, CHIEF!
THE STEAMSHIP
TICKET FINALLY
DID IT!



ON MAY 24, 1911
FRANK HEIDEMAN
PAID
THE EXTREME
PENALTY
FOR THE MURDER
OF MARIE SMITH!

FINIS

"ACE" HIGH

PRIVATE EYE



INTRODUCING THE TOUGH
MAN OF THE GUMSHOE GANG —
THE SLICKEST SLEUTH THAT EVER
CAME OUT OF THE SLUMS —

"ACE" HIGH!

HE WON'T BE POLITE. HE MAY
SCARE YOU WITH HIS METHODS—
BUT HE GETS RESULTS! HE TALKS
TOUGH, HE ACTS TOUGH. HE IS
TOUGH. BUT LET HIM SHOW YOU
HIMSELF, IN —

**"THE MAGIC OF
MURDER!"**

VERNON
HENKEL

THE DARK SHADOWS OF
TOWERCHASE AMUSEMENT
PARK THROB TO THE MUTED
SOBBINGS OF TWO TIGHTLY
LOCKED FIGURES...

YA DON'T FOOL
ME, CREEP! PULL ALL
THE TRICKS YA WANT.
I'LL GET YA!



UGGGH!

THAT'S
JUST A
SAMPLE,
CREEP!



FOOL! TO MEDDLE
IN MATTERS THAT
ARE NOT YOUR
CONCERN....!



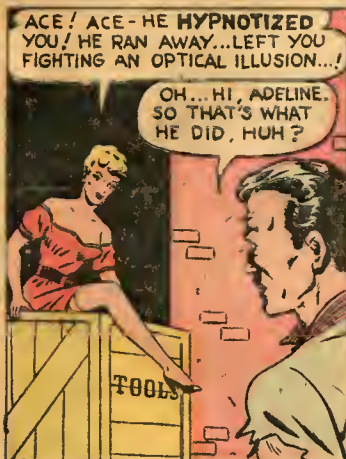
ANYTHING
I GET PAID
TO DO IS
MY JOB!

WITH A VICIOUS WRENCH
OF TORTURED MUSCLES,
"ACE" HIGH PULLS FREE...

I'VE FOUGHT DIRTY FIGHTS
BEFORE - WHERE I GREW
UP! YOU GOTTA DO
BETTER'N THAT!



I'LL GOUGE
OUT YOUR
EYES!



"LAST NIGHT I WAS AWAKENED BY QUEER SOUNDS.
I RAN DOWNSTAIRS, JUST IN TIME TO SEE —"



THAT CLOAKED FIGURE
WAS ASMODEUS ... A
MAGICIAN! HE KILLED
MY FATHER! BEFORE THE
POLICE LEARN THAT HE
DID IT - I WANT THE
EMERALDS BACK!

SAY NO
MORE, BAY-BEE!
JUST CROSS
MY PALM
WITH ENOUGH
SILVER!



SOMETIME LATER, AT THE LORMOND
HOME...

I'LL TAKE A FAST
GLIM AROUND. NEVER
CAN TELL. SOMETIMES
A GUMSHOE LIKE ME
REALLY UNCOVERS
A CLUE!

I'LL TELL
MY STEP-
MOTHER
YOU'RE
HERE!



OH - OH ! CLOAKED
FIGURE ... SAME ONE
THAT STOLE THE EMERALDS
AND KILLED ADELINE'S
FATHER ... SNOOPING
AROUND AGAIN!



WEREN'T YOU SATISFIED
WITH THE EMERALDS AND
MURDER, WISE GUY?

WHAT - ?



YOU HAD TO COME
BACK FOR MORE YOU
GOT THE JEWELS AND
ITCHED FOR THE REST -

YOU'RE
CRAZY...LET
ME GO...
HELP! HELP!



YOU'LL GET MORE -
ALL I CAN GIVE
YOU, IN FACT!

NO-
NO!



SUDDENLY—THE WORLD REVOLVES AROUND
ACE'S HEAD AS EVERYTHING GOES BLACK!



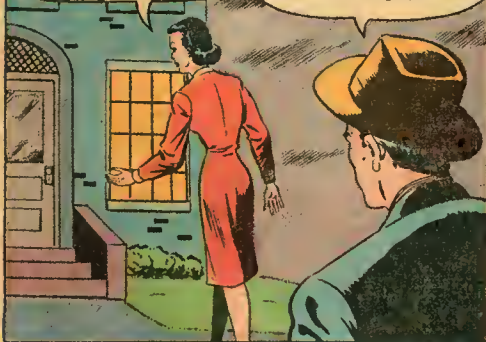
I'M SORRY... BUT YOU
WERE FIGHTING ASMODEUS!
I TRIED TO HIT HIM—
AND GOT YOU!

ASMODEUS...THE DEVIL?
WHEW! YOU SURE PICKED
A GOOD WAY, LADY! HOW
DO YOU TIE INTO THIS
CASE? YOU KNOW THAT
CROOK, ASMODEUS?



I'M MRS. LORMOND,
ADELINE'S STEP-MOTHER.
YOU WERE JOKING WHEN
YOU SAID ASMODEUS IS
A CROOK, WEREN'T YOU?

NOT ME, LADY. ADELINE
SAW HIM STEAL THE
JEWELS AND KILL YOUR
HUSBAND! GUY THAT
DID IT WORE A MASK
AND A CLOAK



I. THINK IT'S BETTER FOR ALL
CONCERNED IF YOU—FORGET THIS
CASE AND LEAVE IT TO THE
POLICE. MY DAUGHTER IMAGINES
THINGS. NOW BE A GOOD BOY...
RUN ALONG...

WHY, SURE,
SISTER!
I'LL RUN
ALONG...



I'LL RUN ALONG—AFTER
THAT GUY IN THE CLOAK!
I GOT A SCORE TO
SETTLE WITH THAT LUG!

ACE,
THIS WAY,
WE'LL
FOLLOW
HIM IN
MY CAR...



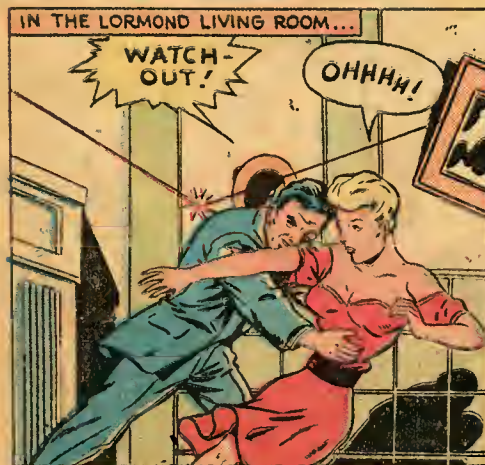
INTO A DESERTED AMUSEMENT
CENTER RACE THE TWO CARS—

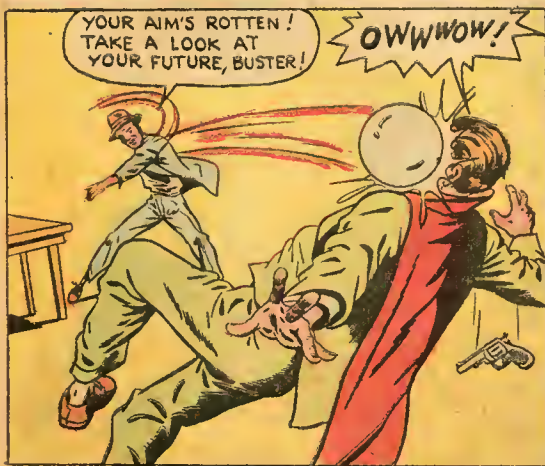
WITH A FACE LIKE
THAT, YOU COULD
HAUNT HOUSES, FELLA!

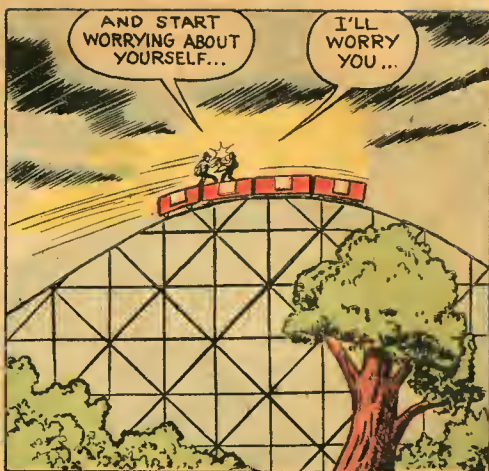


BUT I'LL DO A
REMODELING JOB
ON IT FOR YOU...





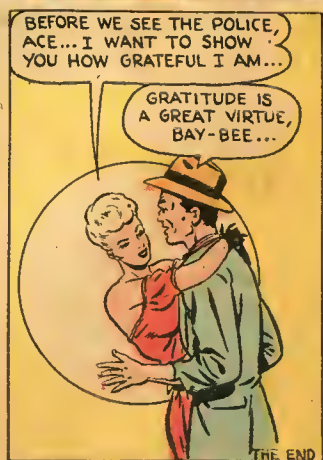




A PISTONING FIST—A SHRILL CRY! AT THE PEAK OF ITS RUN, THE SCENIC RAILWAY LOSES A PASSENGER!



ASMODEUS DISCOVERED
THAT YOUR DAD COLLECTED
HIS ITEMS FROM FENCES—
STOLEN GOODS DEALERS. HE
THREATENED TO YAP TO THE
COPS. YOUR DAD GAVE HIM THE
COMBO OF HIS SAFE, ASMODEUS
STOLE THE JEWELS...WHEN YOU
CAME DOWN, HE GOT PANICKY
AND SHOT YOUR FATHER !



duBruif. In the sewers! Peste! He likes to roam, does Paul."

Ling Foo said softly, "He is—was—a police reporter. There is good blood in his veins. He would have been wealthy—one day. Instead, I shall be wealthy in his stead."

Nicolas grinned. "Got some plan to inherit his dough, hey? You yella monkees are plenty smart. Got to hand it to you."

"I am smarter than you think, Nicolas. Tell me. You are an expert killer. Are there any greater killers than you?"

The apache looked amused. He said, "I have heard of a man named Edouard Mack. He is an American gangster. A trigger man. He has killed twenty-three men, they say. I, Nicolas, have killed *twenty-four!*"

Ling Foo laughed softly. "Confucious says that only they are modest who have nothing of which to boast. What of Ling Foo, man? Is he not a great killer?"

Nicolas shrugged. "He is half myth. I have heard stories, yes. But I do not believe!"

"Disabuse yourself of doubt, Nicolas. I am Ling Foo. I kill—but secretly, so the police of many nations will not hunt me down. And yet—I have killed only . . . twenty-two men. Not so many as you . . . nor so many as Eddie Mack!"

"You!" gasped the apache. "You—Ling Foo? The killer?"

Ling Foo bowed graciously from the waist. His elaborately ornate silken mandarin robe rustled. His long fingers toyed gently with the silken cord. He heard Nicolas laugh harshly, triumphantly.

Nicolas rasped, "You fool—to tell me that! Now I will have something with which to blackmail you, to get some of your wealth in my own hands! Ten thousand francs you were going to pay me for Paul duBruif's death? It shall be *five hundred thousand francs!*"

Ling Foo barely moved, but his yellow fingers flew forward and a silken noose knotted itself around the neck of the apache. Nicolas opened his mouth to scream, and the noose tightened. Swiftly, inexorably it choked off his voice, the air . . . precious air to breathe!

Nicolas could not struggle. He gasped and writhed, but the lack of air drew a black cloud across his eyes, made his muscles turn weak as water. He fell full length on the thick rug, twitched once, twitched twice, and was still.

Ling Foo waited calmly. Then he leaned forward and touched the man's skin. It was cold. Rigor mortis was setting in. Gently Ling Foo disengaged his cord and sat back. He mused, "I am tied with Eddie Mack now, Nicolas. I have killed twenty-three men. One more, and I will tie you. . . .!"

* * *

Eddie Mack rubbed his fingers together as he came into Ling Foo's apartment. He did not have his violin-case with its tommygun with him. This was a purely social visit for Eddie Mack. He had come to have a drink of peach

brandy and to collect his ten thousand dollars.

"I got'm for ya," he said. "He's deader'n a doornail."

Ling Foo smiled graciously. He riffled the sheaf of greenbacks in his hands, noting how Eddie Mack stared at them, how he wet his lips with his tongue.

Ling Foo bowed and handed the money over. "May they be as lucky as —"

Eddie Mack had both hands full of money. He was looking at it, too. Ling Foo had the cord tight about his neck before he realized his danger, and by then it was too late.

Eddie Mack put up a fight. He threw the money from him and came for Ling Foo. He threw a left hook, but the killer was ducking around behind Eddie's stumbling body, both hands mercilessly tightening the cord, choking off the air that Eddie Mack needed in his lungs in order to stay alive.

Eddie Mack fell to his knees. Ling Foo cursed and tightened the cord, cutting into the flesh of the neck. "Die! Hurry up!"

Eddie Mack died. He writhed his life out on the rug. Ling Foo rose, panting. He glared down at the dead gangster, breathing hard. He whispered, "So! Now I have tied the apache. I have killed twenty-four men, too. And since Mack will be the last man I shall ever kill, we rest tied for honors as the greatest killers of modern times!"

Ling Foo laughed and tossed the silken cord from him. He watched it loop through the air and start its fall. He glanced down at the still body in front of him. His lips twisted mirthlessly.

"I will get rid of you and Nicolas. I will pay Marie off and leave the apartment. I will return to Paris—two months from now—and pretend to be very surprised at the inheritance. My plans are well laid. Nothing can change them. I will no longer be Ling Foo, the great killer. I will be Henri duBruif, an honorable gentleman."

Ling Foo laughed and added, "But I will have to hurry. I must dispose of the bodies and catch the one o'clock express. There must be no delay. I will hurry —"

He ran across the room, yanking the mandarin robe from him. He ran swiftly, not noticing the noose that dangled from the chandelier above him, where he had thrown it. The noose caught at his throat and the noose tightened.

If he had kept his head, he would have been able to escape. Even if the knot were something only an expert could disengage once it tightened, he might have won free. But Ling Foo—or Henri duBruif—lost his head. He tried to break the noose and the silk was strong as steel.

He died a slow death, but he died. The greatest killer of all hung there in his own apartment and kicked out his life helplessly. But he was the greatest killer. His own death made the number of his victims—*twenty-five!*

—THE END—

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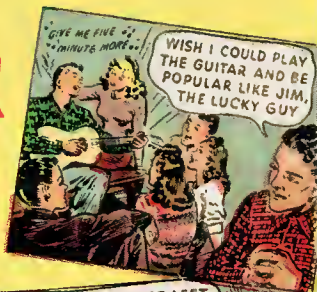
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